Who euen now gaue me good eyes too, examined my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intention, with the beames of her beauty, that it ſeemed as ſhee would a ſcorged me vp like a burning glaſſe. Heere is another Letter to her, ſhe beares the purſe too. They ſhall be Exchequers to me, and Ile be cheaters to them both. They ſhall be my Eaſt and Weſt Indies, and Ile trade to them both. Heere, beare thou this Letter to Miſtris *Foord*. And thou this to Miſtreſſe *Page*. Wee'l thriue Lads, we will thriue.

*Piſt*. Shall I ſir Panderowes of *Troy* become?
And by my ſword weare ſteele.
Then Lucifer take all.

*Nym*. Here, take your humor Letter againe,
For my part, I will keepe the hauior
Of reputation. And theres the humor of it.

*Fal*. Heere ſirra, beare me theſe Letters titely,
Saile like my Pinnice to the golden ſhores:
Hence ſlaues, avant. Vaniſh like hailſtones, goe.
*Falſtaffe* will learne the humor of this age,
French thrift you rogue, my ſelfe and ſcirted Page.

*Exit Falſtaffe and the boy.*

*Piſ*. And art thou gone? Teaſter Ile haue in pouch
When thou ſhalt want, baſe Phrygian Turke,

*Nym*. I haue operations in my head, which are humors of reuenge.

*Piſ*. Wilt thou reuenge?

*Nym*. By *Welkin* and her Fairies.

*Piſ*. By wit, or ſword?

*Nym*. With both the humors I will diſcloſe this loue to *Page*. Ile poſes him with Iallowes,

And



And theres the
*Piſ*. And I
How *Falſtaffe*
Would haue
And eke his be
*Nym*. Let's
*Piſ*. Ile ſeco

*Enter Mi*

*Quic*. M. *Sle*
*Sim*. I indee
*Quick*. How
ly man;
And he has as
*Sim*. Indeed
*Quic*. Kane
And is this L
Is it not?
*Sim*. I indee
*Quic*. So, an
to ſpeake to M
you my Maſte
ſtreſſe *Anne* h
ſhould as they
ſelfe, I ſhoul
friend, he puts
*Sim*. I by m
*Quic*. Am
Waſhing, Br
Or elſe it wou
*Sim*. I beſh

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22300) LONDON, 1619 THE BRITIS